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# The prince quest.



alternative

fantasy

quest

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## Chapter 1 by ...VB the wrighter...

Once upon a time, in a big and beautiful kingdom called Landor, there lived a queen.

Queen Lalia was a powerful monarch, she ruled her kingdom with strength and loyalty to her people.

She was married to king Lanior and they had three children, one son and two daughters. Lucas, Leah and Luna.

Lucas was the oldest child, 22 springs old and married to princess Katana, the future queen of the Hela kingdom.

Leah, as the oldest daughter, would take over Landor's throne when she was 20 summers old. But Luna, as the youngest child, didn't have the same freedom as her older sister.

It was a warm summer day.

Wherever you looked there was so much colour and you could practically smell the excitement in the air.

A fresh wind blew kindly on the hill and woods.

The stone castle stood on the hill like a great mountain and almost shone of grandeur and regality.

The gardeners had done an excellent job on the gardens, all the bushes were cut into different shapes, the trees looked as healthy as the grass. The flowers were already popped.

Everyone in the castle was

Princess Leah was almost

coronation day.

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Everyone was so happy... except her younger sister, princess Luna.

She was training the arts of sword fighting and shooting with bow and arrow in the auron.

Auron was the training room.

A room with wooden floors and walls, unlike the rest of the castle, and filled with weapons and training equipment.

Now it was time for sword fighting.

Her trainer, the legendary warrior and knight Aria Merle, was disappointed.

- No Luna, first block the opponent, retreat, block and then attack.

The Luna was holding a training sword.

Not the most beautiful and effective kind, but good enough to give you some bruises.

She swung her sword at Aria, tried to attack, but without any success.

Aria did quickly and elegantly block the attack.

Luna was sweating like a dog and she was angry.

Very, very angry.

It didn't help that Aria just yelled at her.

- That is exactly what I'm doing, she answered and spat on the wooden floor.

- No, you are not, Aria muttered, if this was a battlefield you would be dead by now.

Lalia had been very strict about her daughters training, even if she bled and couldn't stand up she needed to know how to defend herself.

As a woman you needed to be capable to fight, be strong as a mountain and smart as a whip.

But it was so hard to match up to Lalia's expectations, or her sister Leah (a real combat perfection).

- Get up, Aria yelled, you can't just lay there on the floor!!!

If this was a real battle you would be...

- ... Dead by now, I know, Luna yelled back.

If it is so important for me to be able to survive in "the real world", why are we standing here?

Can't we go out into the real world and fight?

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As she said those words, she immediately wanted to take them back.  
She could see how Aria's face grew redder and redder.  
Not because that she thought it was hilarious, because of fury.

- Do not talk about your queen and mother like that, Luna Leana Ladora 1, she yelled, how can you even talk about your own mother like that?

Even if Luna herself was angry, she couldn't help but feel a little bit happy.  
Aria was almost always mad at Luna for some reason, but she knew that Aria cared about her.  
She was almost like a mother to her.  
Luna respected Aria for her assertiveness, quick thinking and loyalty to her mother, queen Lalia.  
But Luna didn't have so much to thank her mother for.  
Except giving birth to her.

Even her birth was a surprise.  
Lucas was a planned and waited child, but as a man he couldn't take over the throne.  
Then came Leah, also planned.  
When she was born everyone was cheering, there was an heir to the Landorian throne.  
But Luna wasn't planned.  
She popped out, out of nowhere.

One cold winter it happened.  
The queen had been feeling unwell for quite some time.  
And then, on an especially cold night, Luna was born.  
Everyone was shocked, but happy.  
The new princess got the name Luna, because the moon was shining very bright on the night of her birth and because "Luna" in ancient landorian meant "moonchild".

But there was something different about this child.  
She wasn't like other children, not at all like her brother and sister.

The only thing that literally showed that she was different, was a single lock of hair.  
Naturally her hair was red (as her mother had) but she had honey-coloured highlights, but there was one lock of hair that was silver.  
As a moonbeam.

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What are you doing Luna? Aria asked and shooked her a bit.

- I was just thinking, Luna answered, still a bit still a little dazed from all that daydreaming.

Aria looked a little bit concerned.

- You can't just stand there and daydream, it is not acceptable in a real battle.

What were you thinking about?

What should she say?

As a woman it was a disgrace to talk about feelings.

You needed to be tuff.

If you weren't tuff you were a wuss.

And you didnt want to be a wuss.

- Ooh, nothing, she said.

Just thinking about how I can improve my swording skills.

I want to impress my mother.

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